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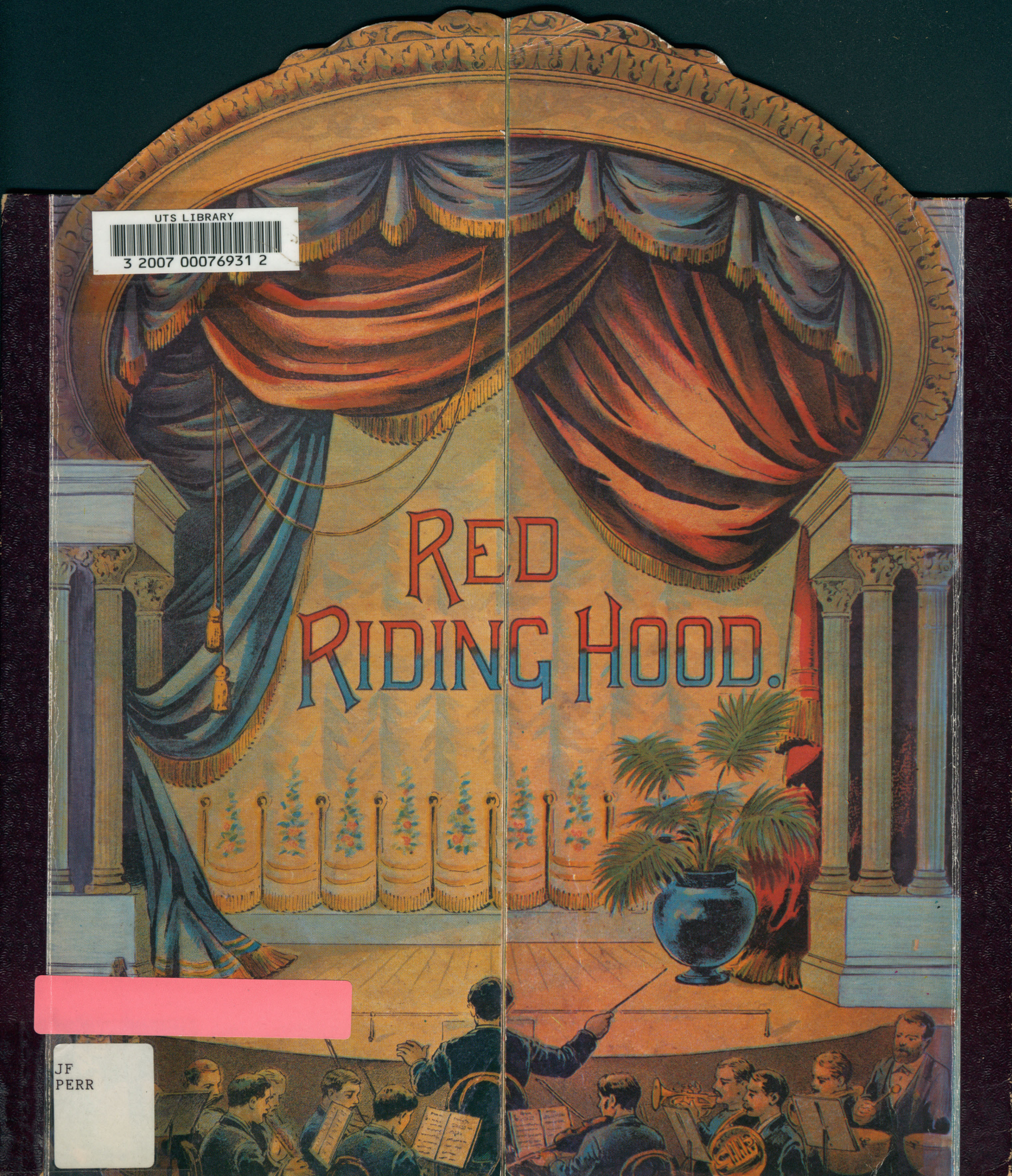
RED RIDING HOOD.



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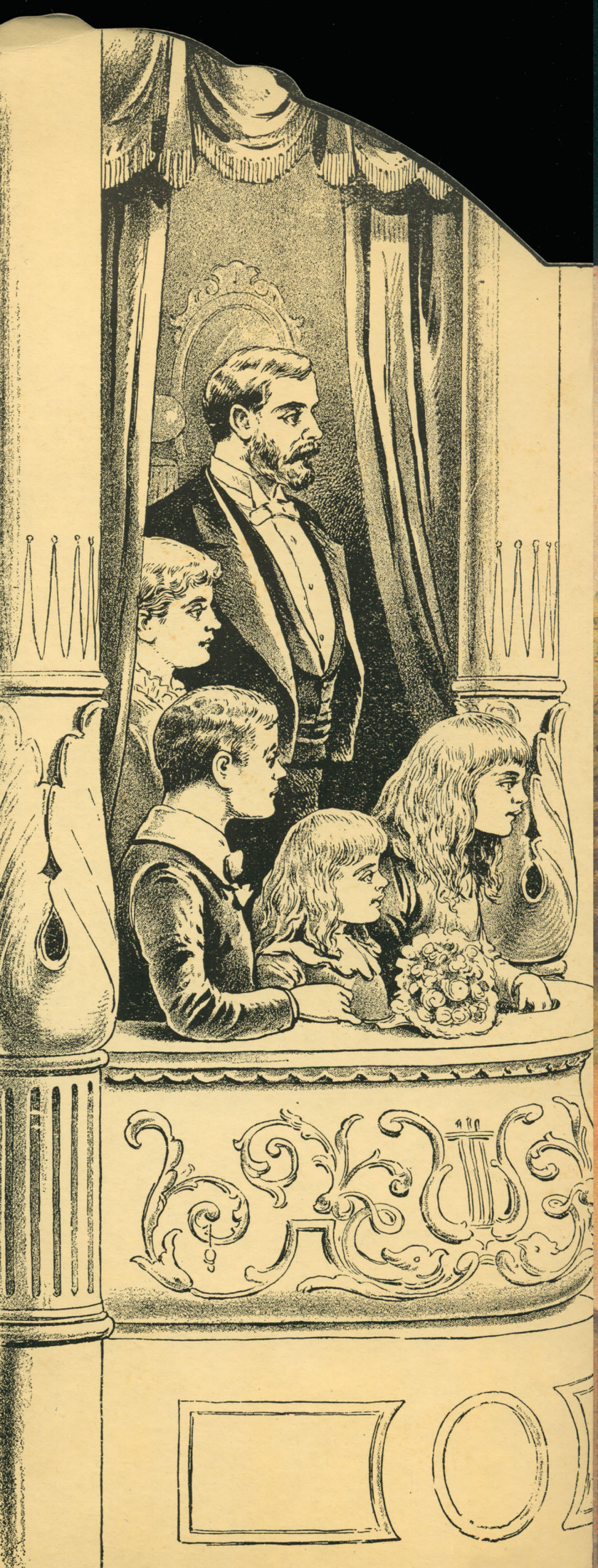
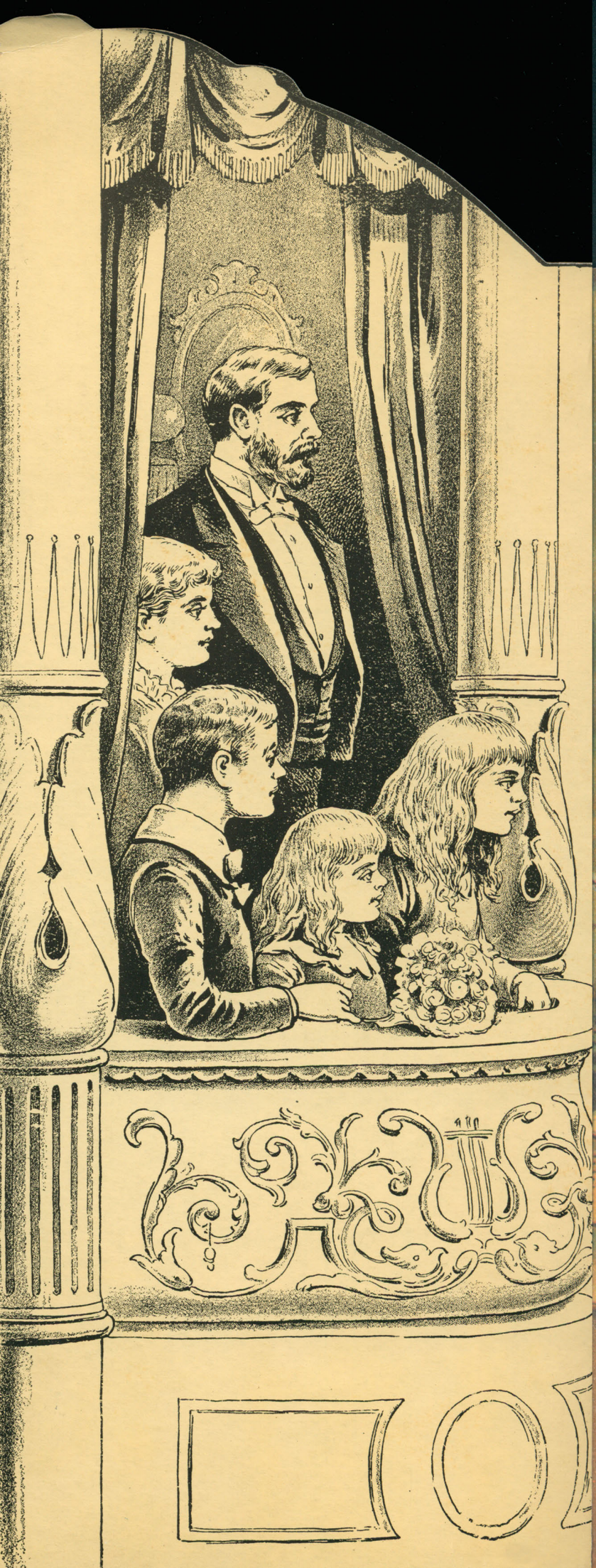


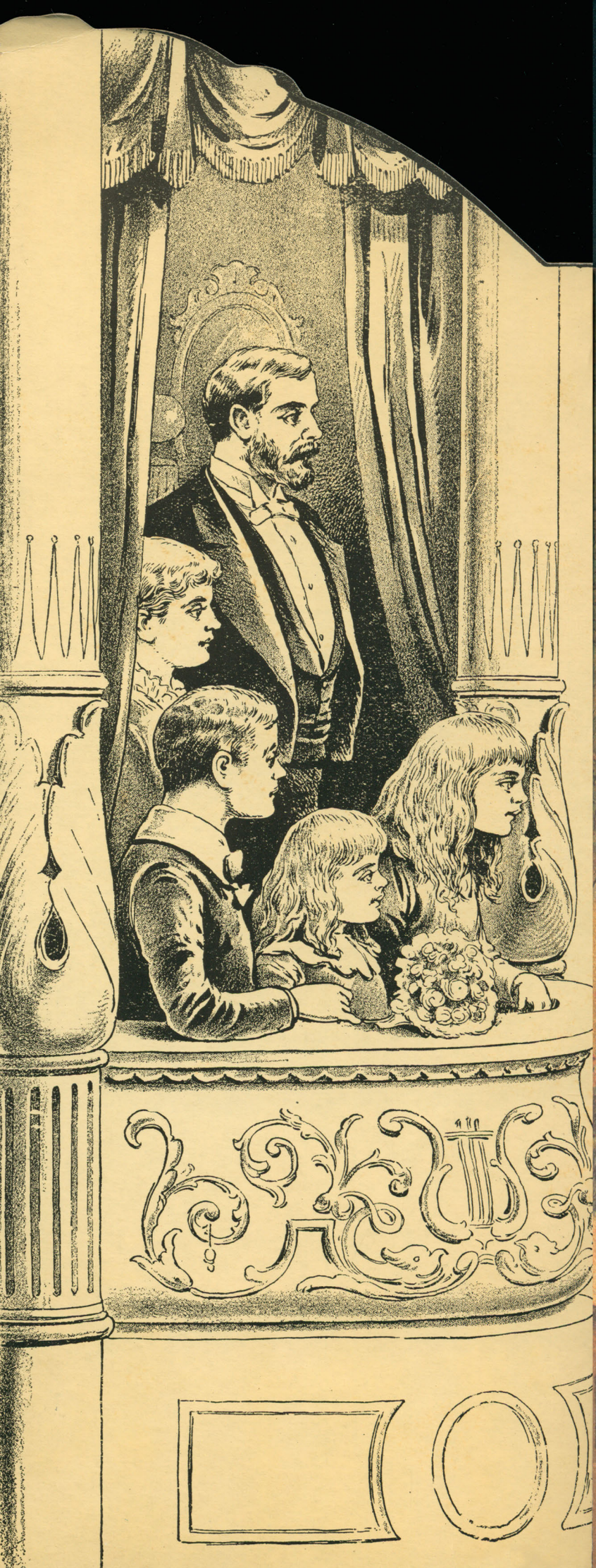
A sweet little maiden, once on a time,
Dwelt in a cottage near a wood,
And was called, from the pretty hood she wore,
By the name of Little Red Riding Hood.

To her grandma, who was very ill,
By her mother she was sent one day;
"Take," said her mother, "this broth and cream
And loiter not upon the way."



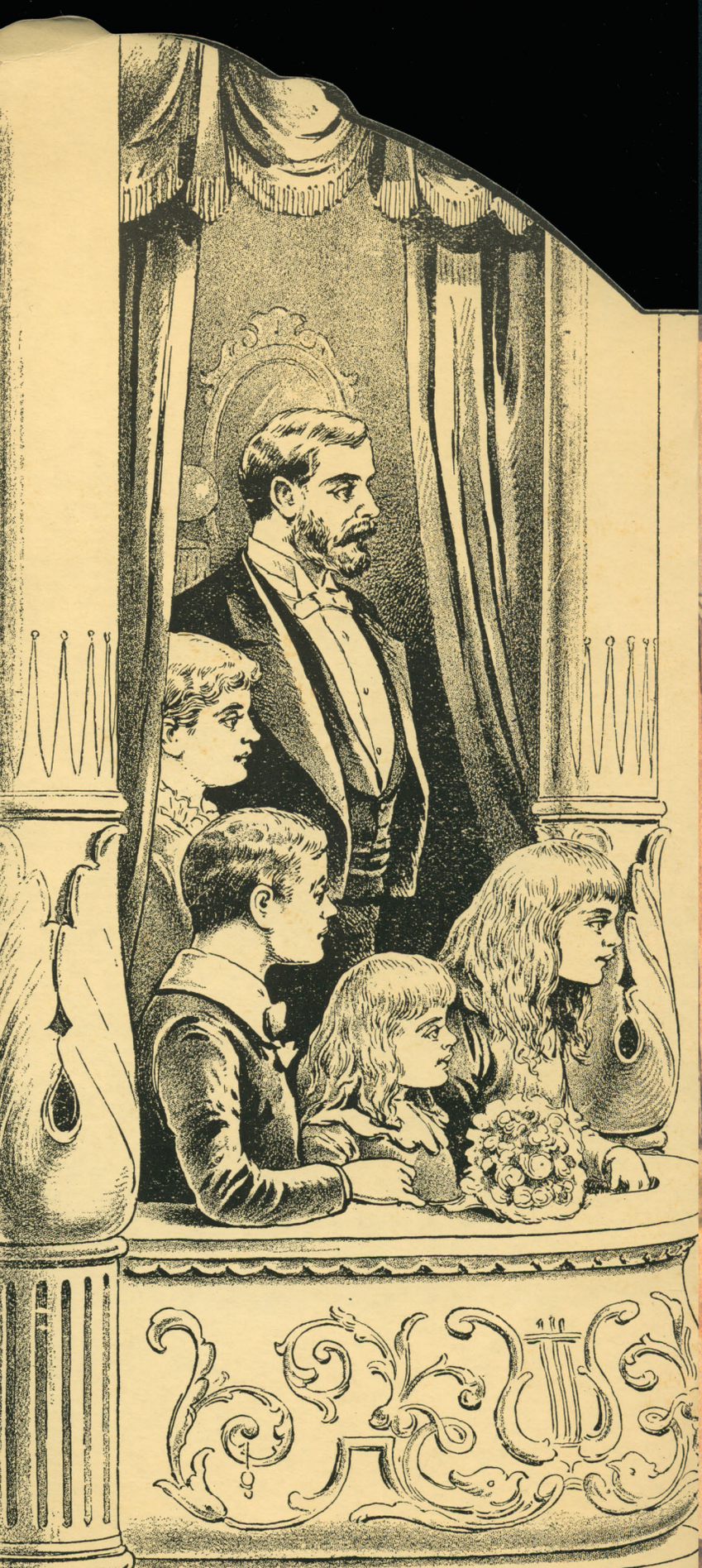
But the pretty flowers that in the wood
Bloomed gay and bright on either hand,
So lured the maiden to gaze and pluck
That she quite forgot the strict command.

While on a bank she idly sat,
A wolf there chanced to pass that way;
A wily beast, with mien polite,
Who stopped and bade the child good-day.

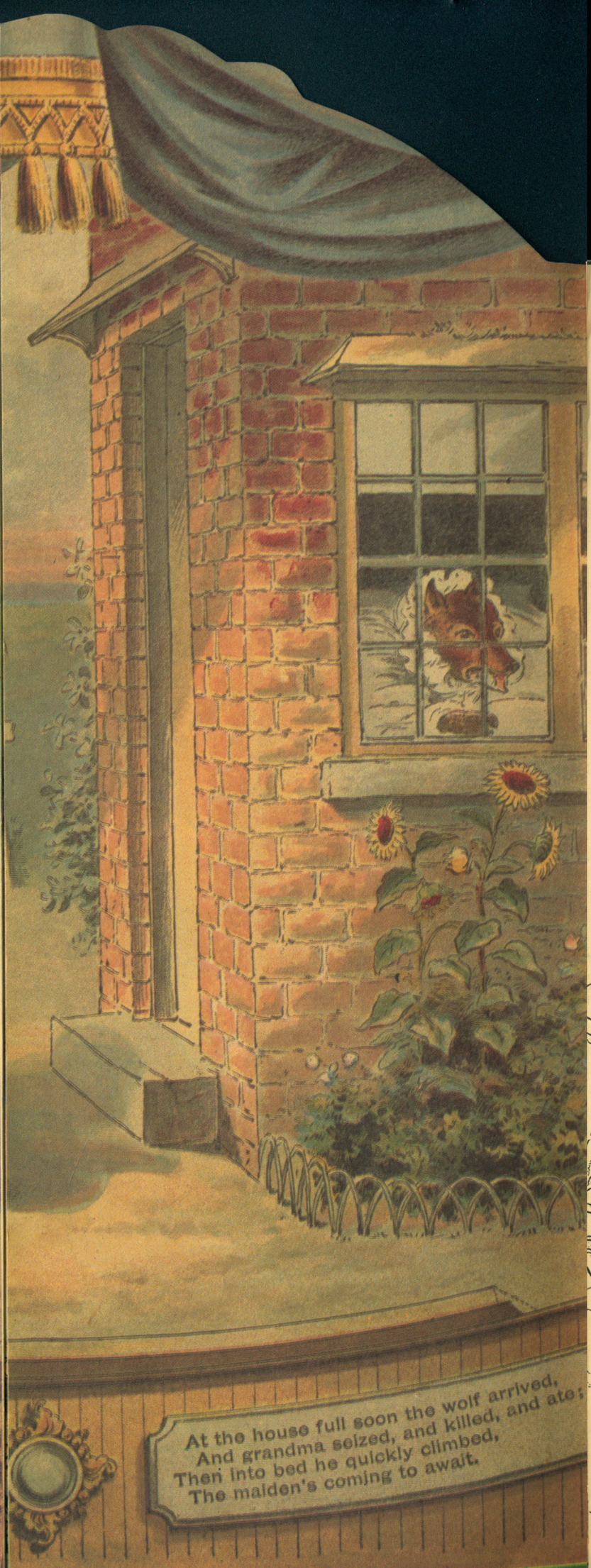


Her errand soon from her he drew,
And swift conceived a scheme most fell,
To have the grandma for his prey,
And on the child to feast as well.

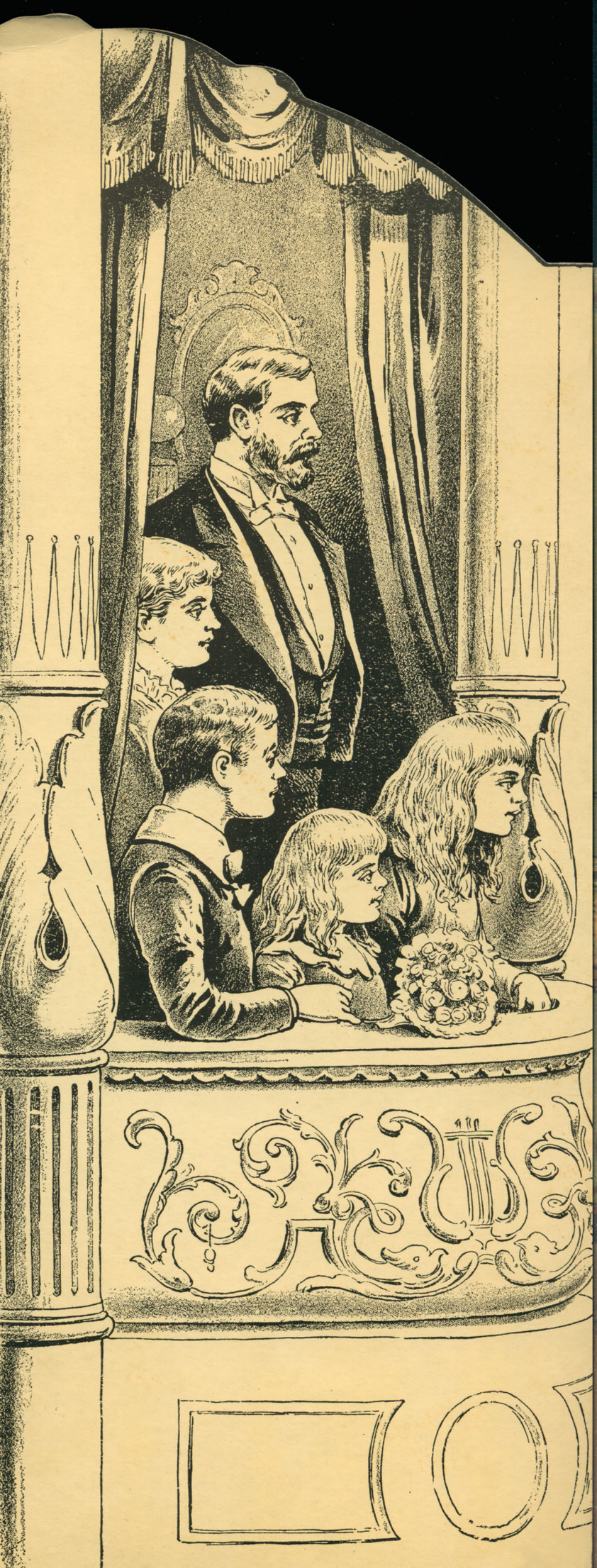
So the cunning fellow challenged her
To run with him a playful race
To grandma's cottage, just to see
Which of them first could reach the place.



The child agreed, and both set off,
But the wolf's pace proved so fleet,
That ere the race was well begun,
'Twas plain that Riding Hood was beat.

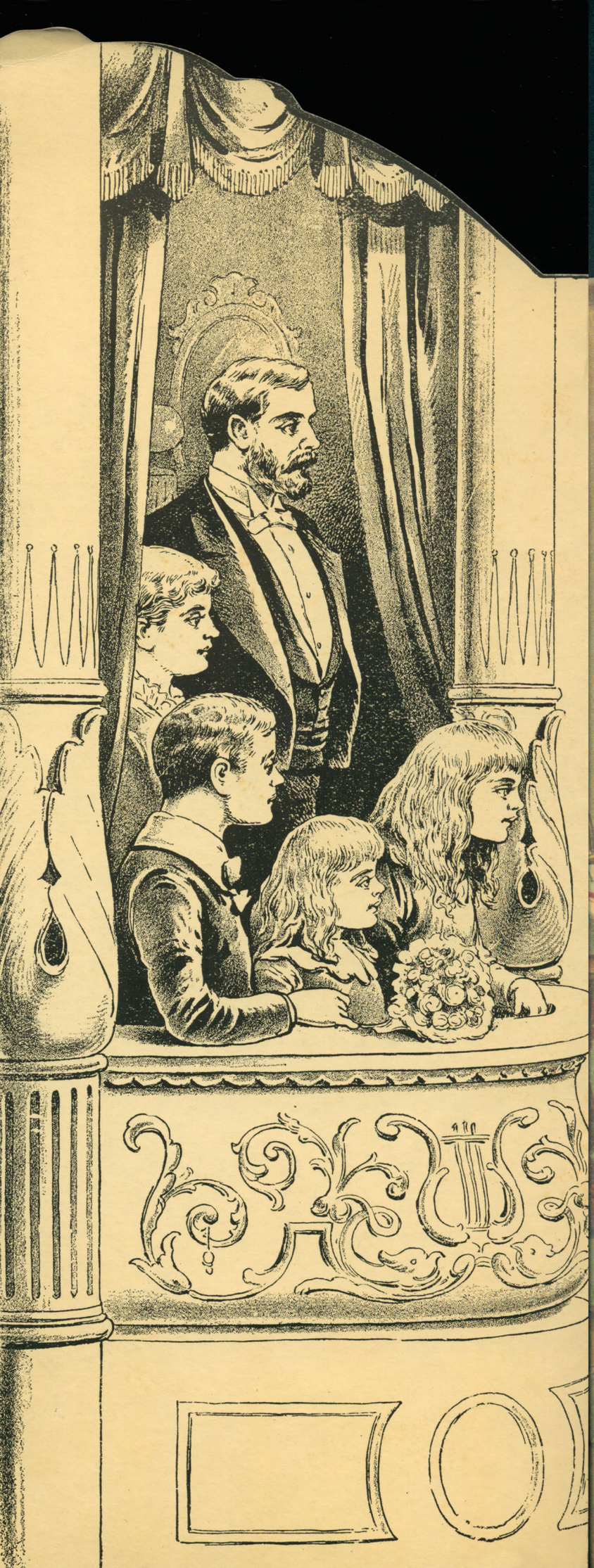


At the house full soon the wolf arrived,
And grandma seized, and killed, and ate;
Then into bed he quickly climbed,
The maiden's coming to await.



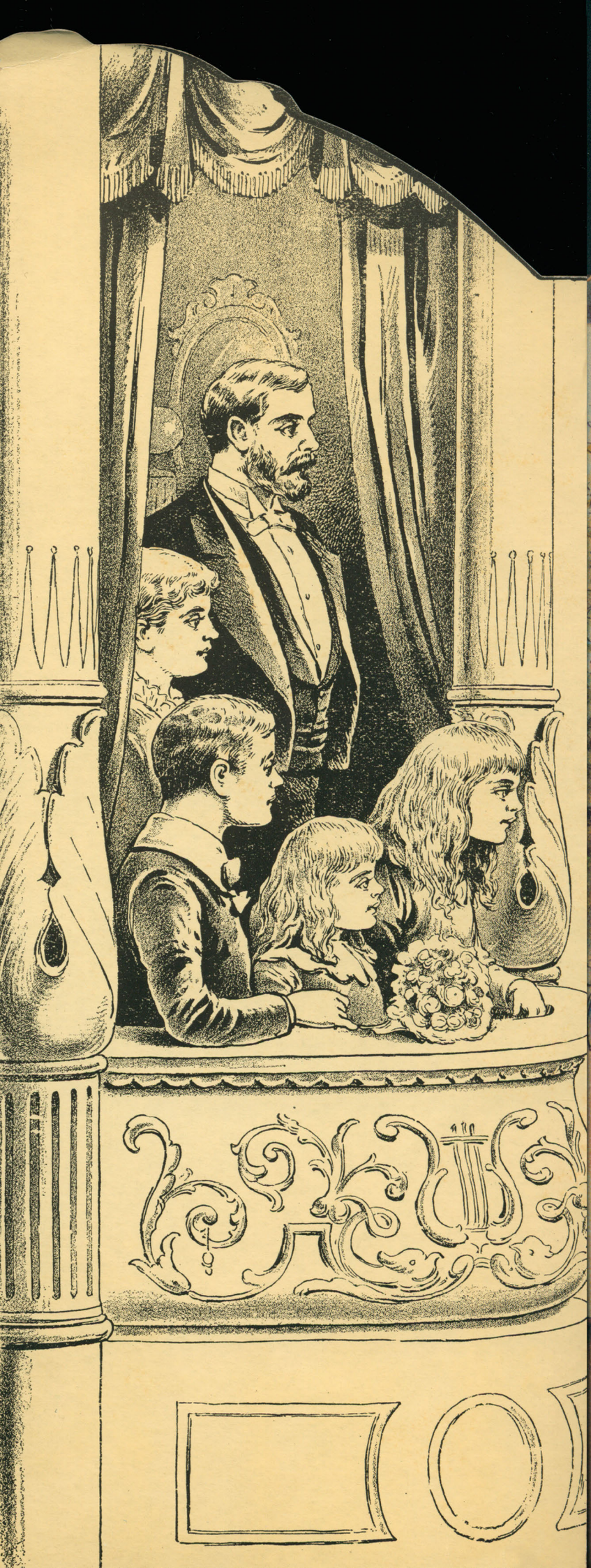
When on the door at last she raps,
The wolf calls out, "Come in, my child;"
Striving his best to ape the tones
Of grandma's voice, so kind and mild.

"O grandma, dear," said Riding Hood,
"How large and strange your eyes appear!"
"So much the better," the wolf replied,
"To see you with, my little dear."



"But, oh, what sharp and monstrous teeth
You have, dear grandma, in your head!"
"The better to eat you with," he yelled,
As he sprang at her from the bed.

That moment passed some woodmen by,
Who heard the child's loud shriek of pain:
They burst the door, and, on the spot,
The wolf by them was quickly slain.



Red Riding Hood was taken home,
And the woodmen, on their shoulders stout,
The wolf's dead body proudly bore,
With many a glad and joyful shout.

To her mother's words, ever after this,
Red Riding Hood gave better heed;
For she saw the dreadful end to which
A disobedient act may lead.

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